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FREE COMIC BOOK DAY
MERCY SPARX
- UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT -
#1
DDP
JOSH BLAYLOCK
MATT MERHOFF

MERCY SPARX

- UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT -

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Downloading...

9 Mercy Sparx Re-Cap

As told by Mercy Sparx

As usual, this all started with me minding my own business. I'd just gotten in a fight with my jackass (now ex) boyfriend, Manny. Never trust a spider-demon Horrachnid hipster, no matter how good his band is. Too many wandering eyes. So anyway, I head out for a drink, and then HE shows up. The demon that will soon turn my life upside down - known only as Mr. Suit. Of course I back-talked him before I knew he could crush me with his pinky finger if he wanted. Tells me that the old Sheol fairy tale about being called upon by GOD to perform a task will get ya into heaven. I START to tell him to stick it where the sun doesn't shiine, which ends up with me getting b-slapped all the way to Earth, and waking up looking like a blonde, blue-eyed HUMAN.

So then I spend damn near a YEAR learning the ropes of my new job - as an ANGEL HUNTER. I get this roommate, Hank, which is a story for another time. Great dude, Hank, a bonifide genius but he just likes to get wasted and help make gadgets and weapons to aid me on my quest. So I am asked / threatened by Suit to hunt down all these angels that have gone AWOL and are hence on Heaven's $#!+ list. Most of them are in the MUSE category of angels, and draw off of the arts. Totally effed up if you ask me, but it's not like I have a choice in the matter. Mr. Suit it turns out is actually just the messenger. They have this guy on Earth - a pastor who's TOO good for his own good. Mr. Squeaky clean, Jeremiah Collins. Runs this huge congregation in the suburbs. I get sent around from city to city but keep my home base near him.

Fortunately I'm just being sent after the lower class angels so I don't have to worry about getting my ass handed to me, but some of them are no picnic. If asked to choose between hunting one down and a colonostomy I'd have to ponder for a while. Like I said, they're drawn to the arts, so I track down these "divine beings" living lives as Musicians, DJs, artists, clubbers, hipsters ... a baker (THAT was a weird one). Of course most of them love everything I HATE, which I think is just one of those classic "strange sense of humor" bits the big guy likes to add to life.

As you'd expect, nothing is as it frickin' seems. Just when I think I'm finally done with this crap and get to go home, I'm suddenly visited by, get this, a representative from HEAVEN. A little redundant, huh? But no, this chick tells me that I was NEVER contacted by Heaven, and that's when I realize I was duped. A frickin' patsy set up by, yup, goody two-shoes Jeremiah Collins, who actually isn't Jeremiah Collins at all, but... [MAJOR SPOILER WARNING HERE IF YOU HAVEN'T READ ISSUE 4 YET, WHICH MIGHT HAVE HAPPEND BECAUSE OF OUR CRAZY FCBD SCHEDULE! -Josh]

... SANDOLPHON, an angel of crazy power who sees an opening to pull off what Lucifer was trying to do a zillion years ago. I don't pretend to understand it, but by harvesting thousands of the purest souls, ol' Sandy was planning to, I dunno, EAT them or something. After absorbing enough of those human souls he planned on taking MINE too. Said I was special or something. The angels I'd been hunting knew about his plans, but had never ratted him out. They didn't want to call attention to themselves, but he KNEW that once he began implementing them, the others would have no choice but to speak up to the powers that be. And if he hunted them himself it would have definitely alerted the guys up top. So THIS moron right here - me - unknowingliy helped him shut them all up.

I didn't have much time to ask what the hell he was talking about because he was busy taking over the world, and I was gonna have a pissed off GOD on my hand if I screwed up. Did I mention that none of this was my damn fault? Story of my life.

Well, needless to say we stopped him, thanks to some help from Hank, this idiot angel Cybile who sometimes grows a backbone, and Mr. Suit himself. Turns out HE was duped as well, and damn, that's not a dude I'd want on my bad side. So what's it all mean now?

Well, I get to see all of Heaven's dirty laundry and let me tell you, they're every bit as messed up as any other giant family who has to keep up appearances. Sort of a giant corporation where everyone's related in some way and the different departments don't speak to each other much. But they're mission statement's apparently still on target.

Sandolphon, as luck would have it, is the brother of METATRON, THE top angel charged with the responsibility of overseeing the survival of humanity. Let's just say he didn't take his brother's fall from grace too well, and is so ashamed that now he's pretty much useless. Heaven seems to think that since I'm already ON Earth, maybe Jeremiah's actual idea for using me wasn't too bad, and that I don't need to go home "just yet." So here I sit, drinking, debauching, and waiting for someone else to boss me around. Story of my life.

-Mercy

SAY WHAT YOU WANT ABOUT THE GIRL. SHE IS EFFECTIVE.
THAT NO ONE CAN DENY.
IN THE PAST YEAR OF WORKING FOR SANDOLPHON SHE SUCCESSFULLY HUNTED AND CAPTURED TWELVE ROGUES.
WE'VE SEEN THE REPORTS. YOU ARE CERTAIN THAT THIS KNOWLEDGE HAS NOT SPREAD TO THE OTHER SARIM* OR TO THE LOWER GALEAR!**?
ONLY NAHMAT, WHICH IS A CONCERN.
*PRINCE ANGELS OF HEAVEN
**WARRIOR / SERVANT ANGELS

THAT SERISOR! HARLOT WILL FALL IN LINE. DO NOT WORRY. AFTER ALL, IT'S HER OBLIGATION TO CORRECT THE LESS PLEASANT ISSUES THAT ARISE FROM UNIQUE CIRCUMSTANCES BROUGHT ABOUT WHEN THE DIVINE OVERLAPS WITH HUMANITY.
MERCY SPARK COULD BE A VALUABLE ASSET TO US - NAHMAT SPECIFICALLY, ESPECIALLY WITH METATRON'S SUDDEN LAPSE OF SELF CONFIDENCE.
THE RISKS ARE HIGH. USING AN AGENT OF HELL TO EXECUTE OUR PLANS CLEARLY REQUIRES MORAL AMBIGUITY. EVEN IF NAHMAT FALLS INTO LINE, THE OTHER SHERE* WILL LIKELY OBJECT.
NO... THEY WILL NOT. BECAUSE THEY WILL NOT KNOW ABOUT THIS.
*A HIGH RANKING ORDER OF ANGELS.

Vampire Hunter D

AMERICAN WASTELAND

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Six Issues

Summer 2009

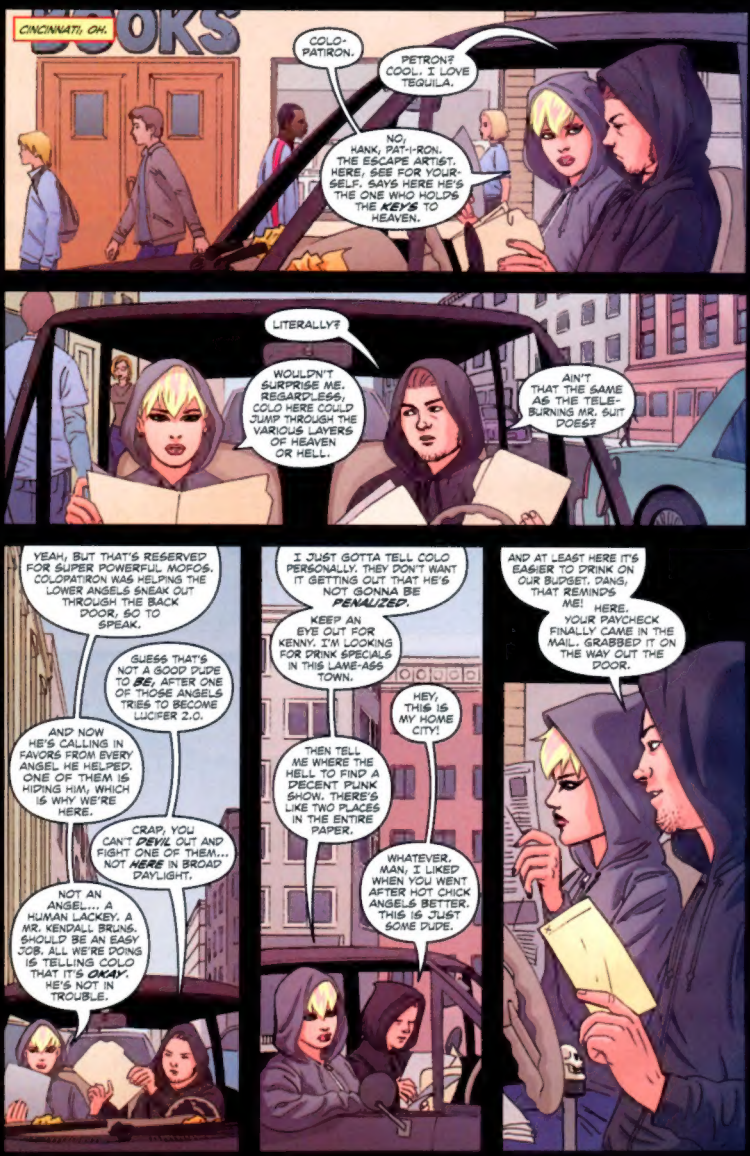
Palmiotti

Blaylock

DDP

OUR PLANS ARE IN THE INTEREST OF NURTURING AND PROTECTING THE SOULS OF HUMANITY.
SANDOLPHON WASN'T THE LAST OF HIS KIND. THE CLOSER WE COME TO THE END DAYS THE MORE THE LEADERS OF HELL WILL ATTEMPT TO USURP LUCIFER'S PLACE IN THE WORLD.
HIS PLOT TO HARVEST ENOUGH SOULS TO MAKE THE TRANSITION FROM ARCH ANGEL TO GOD COULD HAVE SUCCEEDED. DO YOU WANT TO ANSWER TO MICHAEL IF THAT IS ALLOWED TO HAPPEN?
CAN YOU LIVE WITH YOURSELF IF IT DOES?
WE MUST DO WHATEVER IS NECESSARY TO PROTECT THE WORLD, AND IF MERCY SPARX CAN AID IN THAT, SO BE IT.
AND FOR THE RECORD, SHE IS NOT AN AGENT OF HELL. SHE'S FROM SHEOL.
DEMON, DEMON-SPAWN, DEVIL, DEVLINS. IT'S ONE AND THE SAME AS LONG AS THE MISSION IS COMPLETED.
YOUR CYNICISM IS SOMETIMES UNSETTLING, AHADIEL.
AND WHAT OF THE HUMAN? HANK?
HIS FATE IS STILL TO BE DECIDED.
HE HAS PROVEN USEFUL TO HER IN THE PAST, BUT HE COULD BE A LIABILITY.
WE MUST ENSURE HE IS NOT OPEN TO POSSESSION.
AND THEN THERE IS THE ISSUE OF HIS SOUL.
IS CREATING MECHANISMS THAT HARM CITIZENS OF THE DIVINE REALMS ENDANGERING HIS AFTER-LIFE?
DESPITE USING THOSE TOOLS FOR GOOD, WE MUST CLOSELY MONITOR HIS SPIRITUAL HEALTH.

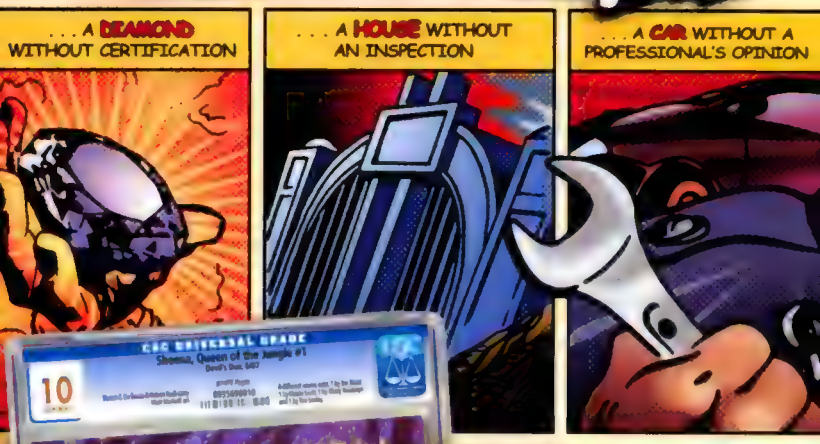
TO DATE HE HAS MADE A VARIETY OF WEAPONS SPECIFICALLY FOR HARMING ANGELIC BEINGS.
THE JAWS OF DEATH, THE 'BRUTALIST METAL MIXES' ONE THROUGH SIX, THE BRASS 'KNOCK YOU ON YOUR ASS' KNUCKLES, HELLFIRE KIPP...
ENOUGH... WE'VE ALL SEEN THE FILE.
SO BE IT. ONE SOUL POTENTIALLY RISKED IN ORDER TO SAVE BILLIONS MORE.
THIS HUMAN... IS NOT THE TYPICAL EXAMPLE OF HEAVEN'S REPRESENTATIVES. SMART, YES. A GENIUS, ACTUALLY. BUT...
THIS "HANK" HAS SQUANDERED NEARLY ALL THE GIFTS GIVEN TO HIM BY GOD, CHOOSING RATHER TO INDULGE IN THE PLEASURES OF THE FLESH AND MIND ALTERING SUBSTANCES.
NAHMAT SHOULD GET ALONG WITH HIM JUST FINE, THEN.
SO IT IS DECIDED. MERCY SPARX WILL REMAIN ON EARTH SO LONG AS NECESSARY, IN GLORIOUS SERVICE TO THE ALMIGHTY.
AND NOT A MINUTE TOO SOON. WE ALREADY HAVE A PROBLEM. I BELIEVE SHE IS WELL SUITED FOR.

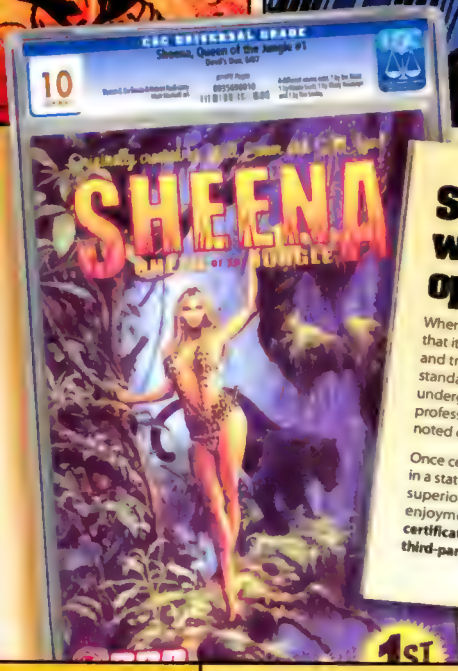

CINCINNATI, OH.
COLO-PATIRON.
PETRON? COOL. I LOVE TEQUILA.
NO, HANK, PAT-I-RON. THE ESCAPE ARTIST. HERE, SEE FOR YOURSELF. SAYS HERE HE'S THE ONE WHO HOLDS THE KEYS TO HEAVEN.
LITERALLY?
WOULDN'T SURPRISE ME. REGARDLESS, COLO HERE COULD JUMP THROUGH THE VARIOUS LAYERS OF HEAVEN OR HELL.
AIN'T THAT THE SAME AS THE TELE-BURNING MR. SUIT DOES?
YEAH, BUT THAT'S RESERVED FOR SUPER POWERFUL MOFOS. COLOPATIRON WAS HELPING THE LOWER ANGELS SNEAK OUT THROUGH THE BACK DOOR, SO TO SPEAK.
GUESS THAT'S NOT A GOOD DUDE TO BE, AFTER ONE OF THOSE ANGELS TRIES TO BECOME LUCIFER 2.0.
AND NOW HE'S CALLING IN FAVORS FROM EVERY ANGEL HE HELPED. ONE OF THEM IS HIDING HIM, WHICH IS WHY WE'RE HERE.
CRAP, YOU CAN'T DEVIL OUT AND FIGHT ONE OF THEM... NOT HERE IN BROAD DAYLIGHT.
NOT AN ANGEL... A HUMAN LACKEY. A MR. KENDALL BRUNS. SHOULD BE AN EASY JOB. ALL WE'RE DOING IS TELLING COLO THAT IT'S OKAY. HE'S NOT IN TROUBLE.
I JUST GOTTA TELL COLO PERSONALLY. THEY DON'T WANT IT GETTING OUT THAT HE'S NOT GONNA BE PENALIZED.
KEEP AN EYE OUT FOR KENNY. I'M LOOKING FOR DRINK SPECIALS IN THIS LAME-ASS TOWN.
HEY, THIS IS MY HOME CITY!
THEN TELL ME WHERE THE HELL TO FIND A DECENT PUNK SHOW. THERE'S LIKE TWO PLACES IN THE ENTIRE PAPER.
WHATEVER, MAN. I LIKED WHEN YOU WENT AFTER HOT CHICK ANGELS BETTER. THIS IS JUST SOME DUDE.
AND AT LEAST HERE IT'S EASIER TO DRINK ON OUR BUDGET. DANG, THAT REMINDS ME!
HERE. YOUR PAYCHECK FINALLY CAME IN THE MAIL. GRABBED IT ON THE WAY OUT THE DOOR.

YOU FORGOT ABOUT MY PAYCHECK? DUDE. SERIOUSLY. MAYBE THERE'S A BONUS IN THERE FOR A NEW BIKE.
YOU'D THINK HEAVEN WOULD AT LEAST SPRING FOR FED-EX INSTEAD OF USING THE POSTAL SYSTEM.
YO YO YO! YOUR GUY: THERE'S THE DUDE
STAY HERE. THIS SHOULD BE EASY.
GO TIME. SOMETIMES THESE THINGS ARE TOO EASY. THIS GUY'S NEVER BEEN ME BEFORE IN HIS LIFE. LET'S SEE HOW LONG IT TAKES HIM TO PLAY ALONG. IF THERE'S A POTENTIAL BOOTY CALL, WHOO HOO!
TODD... TODD IS THAT YOU? HOLY CRAP IT IS.

UH... COME AGAIN?
YOU'RE TODD, RIGHT?
MY NAME IS KENDALL.
SORRY. I'M SO BAD WITH NAMES. WHERE DID WE MEET THEN? IT'S DRIVING ME CRAZY.
UHM... SURE. I REMEMBER. AT... THE BAR.
YOU GOT TIME TO GRAB A CUP OF COFFEE?
UHM....
OH, DUH, RIGHT. SORRY. LOOK I'M NOT GOOD AT THIS. WOULD YOU LIKE TO, Y'KNOW, GO HANG OUT FOR A WHILE?
I REALLY LIKED TALKING TO YOU THE OTHER DAY.
PLEASE?
UHM, SURE. DUDE... JUST LET ME...
GO TO HELL, BITCH!

You wouldn't buy...





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OH HE... NO! THAT DUDE IS SO...
DEAD. YOU ARE DEAD
NNNGH!
I GUESS HE KNOWS WHO I AM AFTER ALL. WORD MUST BE GETTING OUT EVEN MORE THAN BEFORE.
GRRAAAHH!!

C'MON, ANSWER, ANSWER!
WHOMP!!!
NNGH!
NEXT TIME DON'T TRY TO HURT A DEVIL WITH SOMETHING HOT.
HMM.
HELLO? HELLO?
GUESS WHO'S GONNA LEAD US RIGHT TO COLD THANKS TO HIS ADDRESS BOOK AND GOOGLY MAPS?

FOUR YEARS AGO, HUMANITY'S DESTINY WAS CHANGED.
NOW THE TIME HAS COME TO FIGHT BACK!

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KNOCK
GALLERY GALEARI
I KNOW. I'M TRYING TO DO THIS THE NICE WAY. SO WHY DOESN'T SOMEONE ANSWER?
I'M HERE STANDING RIGHT IN FRONT OF THE DOORWAY. BEIN ALL PEACEFUL LIKE.
APPOINTMENT ONLY
I ALMOST EVEN LET HANK COME ALONG ON THIS ONE. CAN'T TRUST IT TAOUSH.
I'M PROBABLY JUST PARANOID. TAOUSH.
KEE-RASH!

MMMMMGH...
YOU SHOULD BE MORE CAREFUL THIS ARTY'S EXPENSIVE.

AND WAS IT REALLY NECESSARY TO BREAK THE WINDOW?
LOOK, I COME IN PEACE. I DON'T...

Dekea
The angel Dekea. This was one hell of a wreck. She's no Elyon but that never crash halo things is not something you wanna be wedged around in the race with.
Heaven's file says we descended to earth from heaven to be present for the moment humans receive eternal salvation. Suddenly one day she never came back.
Guess she always just wanted to be a painter. Who'd have known she'd take down?

SERIOUSLY NOW, I'M JUST TRYING TO TALK TO COLOPATRON.
I KNOW HE'S HERE, OR THAT YOU KNOW WHERE HE DAMN.
LISTEN, BITCH. DO NOT THINK I WON'T TEAR THIS PLACE APART. APE FROM COMICS AND BAND POSTERS I'M NOT MUCH FOR APPRECIATING THE ARTS.
EYEEAAHH
WHAM!
WILL YOU SHUTTUP TO LET ALL I WANT TO DO W...
OOF
BE FALLING FOR YOUR TRICKS
WHAM!
NNGH!
ALRIGHT. I DIDN'T WANNA DO THIS.
CONTRARY TO THE RUMORS I'M NOT A CONFRONTATION JUNKY.
BUT YOU LEAVE ME NO CHOICE.
YOU'RE ABOUT TO GET MY SIGNATURE

BOOM!
HAHAHA! ADD A COUPLE FLIES AND SOME TRAFFIC AND IT LOOKS JUST LIKE HOME SWEET HOME!
DON'T WORRY. A FEW GLASSES FROM A WINE TASTING AND YOU'LL BE GOOD AS NEW.
AT LEAST I THINK. THESE BRASS KNUCKLES ARE JUST FROM MELTED DOWN HALO. NOTHING YOU CAN'T HANDLE.
WHACK!
YOU AGAIN!

DDP's Original Sci-Fi Drama Returns Starring

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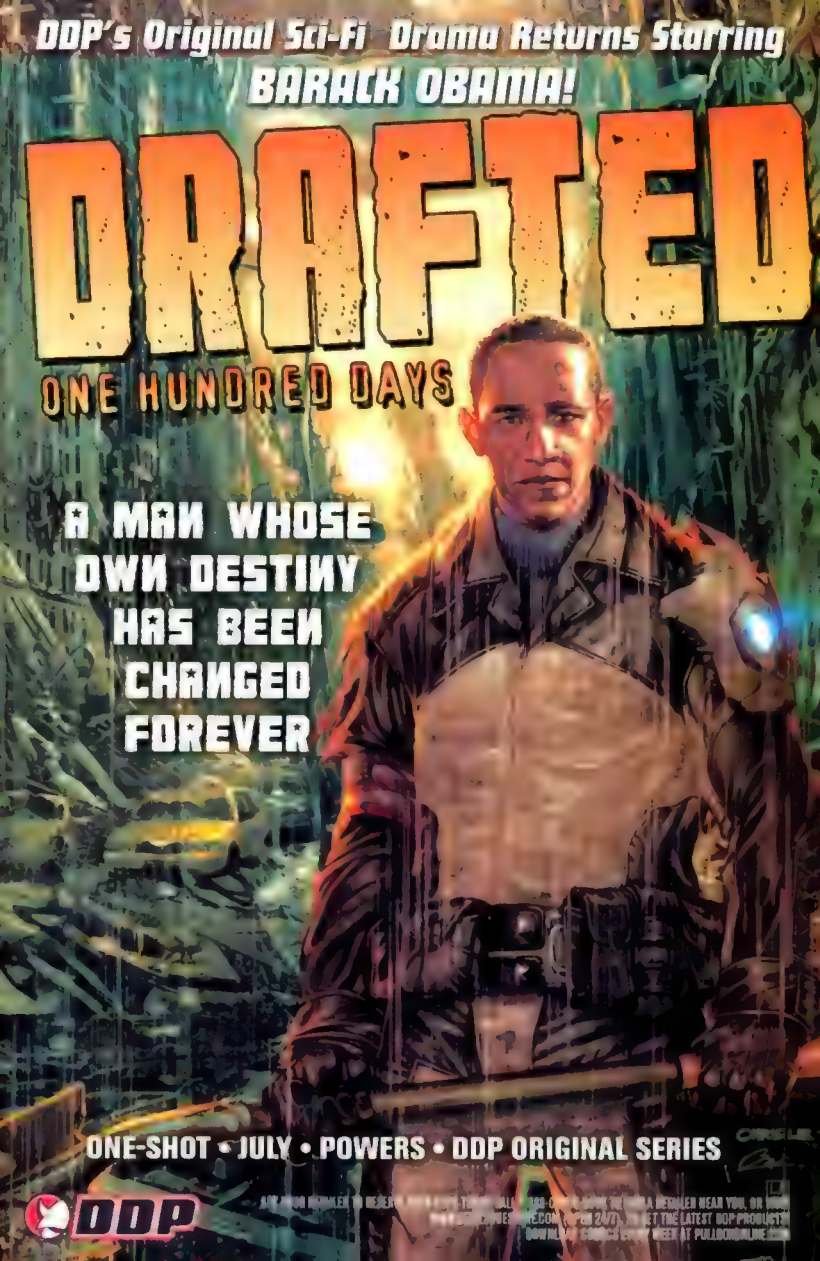
DRAFTED

ONE HUNDRED DAYS

A MAN WHOSE OWN DESTINY HAS BEEN CHANGED FOREVER



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A LEGEND FORGED

LONG TIME NO SEE?
NOT LONG ENOUGH
HOW'S THE WINGS?
Ariel
All there is to know about Ariel is that she hate hate hates me. She tried to ambush me on my bike after I took down her girl Serendipity.
I zapped her with the Jaws of Death another one's Hidith's creations, and sent her packin. Looks like the bitch has been practicing her fighting skills.
Damn, I miss that bike

TIME FOR YOUR NAP
WHACK!
NNNNGH.
H... HARK?
...WHUH. WHAT KINDA SHOTS DID WE DO LAST NIGHT?
THERE'S NO HANK HERE.

Colopatiron

The Escape Artist' he's called. The bastard responsible for letting all these angels loose on earth, and even some demons too. Gotta wonder what motivates him. Did he actually feel sorry for 'em? Or do it for grins? I sure as hell wouldn't want the responsibility of holding the keys to heaven.

Every time I get around one of these big wigs it creeps me the hell out. I got no problem rushing down the lower clan gulkan but this o-b.

Turns out ol' Colo knows I was no match for him too.

Makes me wonder why he even needs these underlings to watch out for him. I guess anything he don't get noticed up above he has to make an extra effort to dig up.

GO FOR THE FINAL TIME, MAN. I'M NOT HERE FOR CAT FIGHTS WITH LADY SASH AND HER SIDEKICK OVER THERE. OR YOU.
ALL I'M SUPPOSED TO DO IS DELIVER A MESSAGE TO YOU, PERSONALLY.
HAVEN'T YOU HEARD? I'M DOWN HERE DOING ALL THEIR DIRTY WORK. LOVELY GIG.
THEY DON'T WANT IT LEAKING OUT THAT THEY'RE LETTING YOU OFF THE HOOK.
IT'S YOUR LUCKY DAY.
SERIOUSLY?
WEAPON
WRONG
SCORE. AND, "SMITE"? REALLY? WHO THE HELL SAYS "SMITE" ANYMORE?

YOU KNOW, YOU SHOULD AT LEAST RUN SOME SHAMPOO THROUGH THIS HAIR ROPE EVERY FEW MONTHS. DISGUSTING!
ALRIGHT, SAY GOODBYE TO YOUR BOY, LADIES. COLD, I KNOW RIGHT WHERE THE BAD WING WANT YOU TO MEET.
I DON'T SEE IT BEING SOMETHING I SAID TO LET YOU GO.
BUT YOU SUIT... WHAT WON'T!
BECAUSE THEY DON'T KNOW WHAT I'VE REALLY DONE.
I'VE LOST THE KEYS, HERO!
SOMEONE TOOK THEM
SOMEONE VERY BAD.
TO BE CONTINUED IN MERCY SPARX: UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT #2! COMING THIS AUGUST!

have mercy

by Josh Blaylock

If you're going through Hell, you might as well keep on going.

are all up in teh internets

HAPPY FREE COMIC BOOK DAY

to everyone! This is the part where I ramble on about stuff and you read it because, well, I'm not sure. I'll try to keep it interesting enough so that you don't regret it. I'm also designing this bee-yatch myself this issue because it is CRUNCH time and shit is crazy here at the Devil's Due bunker.

For many years FCBD has helped promote all things ComiCulture to the world, and therefore it rocks to be able to use this opportunity to spread the word about MERCY SPARX. She was jumping around raising hell in my head (so much so that I'm blaming some hangovers on her) for almost four years before finally breaking out onto the printed page... and so far people seem to dig her.

Maybe they identify with her "Just screw it," attitude that's helping everyone get through this economy. But hey, what better thing in a crappy economy than free comics? And even better? BUYING some other comics while you're at it. Hell, between this and the 99 cent special that launched the whole Mercy craze we're practically GIVING this crap away. Come on, you don't need to eat... you got comics? You got beer, whiskey or vodka? Congratulations. You're good for a week at least.

So anyway, I... huh? What's that? Are you sure? Oh, uhm, I'm sorry. They're telling me we're not supposed to talk like that on FCBD, on account of all the little kids picking up comics. Well, confession... this book ain't for kiddies. Actually, THIS issue is a censored version to make it more fit for a wider release, and believe me Mercy wasn't too happy about it. She's never made it through this many pages without dropping an F-bomb.

Well, we're about outta room here. So if you like characters that curse too much, drink too much, have tattoos and fight lots of hot angel girls in skimpy outfits (and angel boys too), I ask you to plunk down a few bucks for more Mercy. I do confess, though, that there's an actual over-arching epic story in there somewhere too, but I promise to keep the stuff you actually come back for - skin and action.

As you read this, hopefully I'm somewhere mimicking Mercy's

-Josh

DID YOU KNOW?

Mercy's tattoos are all Heaven themed. In actuality, they're having pearly

your person is pretty much like writing "F-You" all over yourself.

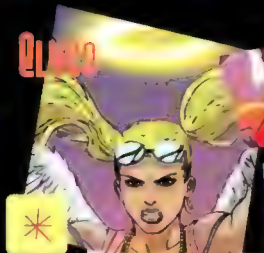
The Cast

Excerpts from the personal journal of Mercy Sparx

Cool
Douche
Bad News
A-hole
According to Mercy

Mr. Suit

Used to dole out my orders but still know dick about him. All I know is this dude is not someone I want on my bad side, and the longer it is before I see him again the better.



Ariel

Serendipity [DJ Dip]

Cyber Cybile

Bunch of the angel C-RAGS I had to take down. Got loads of info on them in their files, but seeing as how I get trashed before and after fighting them all I really remember is how hard they punch. Quick rundown, Elysa's a ruthless terror, Ariel's just annoying, Serendipity's a drama queen and Cybile will sell out her friends for a free stick of lipstick. There are others but I don't have all day to explain.

Hank

There's only one Hank. The best human I know so far. Not much for doing the dishes or vacuuming (which would be nice because I refuse to do those things as well), but a damn good partner in crime and loyal as hell. Guess there's a reason Jeremiah put us together.

Colm

One-time human boy toy, and dude who lives upstairs. Nice guy but a total idiot.

HUMAN!
Send your insane ramblings and scribbles to mercymail@devilsue.net

Sheol

Ah, home sweet home. It's a complete dump where everyone who doesn't fit nicely in the "angel," "demon" or "human" categories is sent to stay out of everyone else's hair. I love it, though. Everyone on this dirt rock called Earth is too phoney. On Sheol, if your'e a dirty snake you probably look like a, well, a snake. Makes it easier to spot the sweet talkers at bars for what they really are.

Sandolphon

Sandy may look like the world's biggest douche (and he IS), but this SOB will straight up destroy you. The angel to come closest to usurping Lucifer's throne in thousands of years. Yeah, let's hope he never comes back.

Manny

Stupid ex-BFs from Sheol

Lehmet

I'll admit it, this bitch is as gorgeous as she is dangerous. She seems to be on the 'good guys' side, whatever that means these days, but I still stay as far away from her as possible. I get that creepy feeling that she knows too much and has more power than I can dream of. I don't want to be caught in her line of fire when she sneezes or something and accidentally vaporizes me.

Fritz

WRITTEN AND DRAWN BY CREATOR TIM SEELEY

HACK/SLASH

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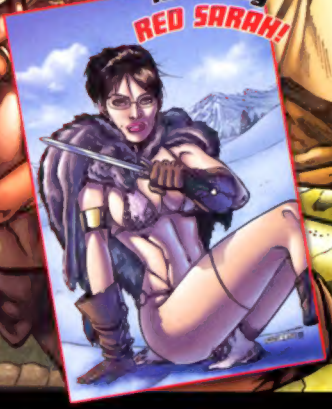

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